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Zion's Herald.

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THE OUTLOOK.

The famous petroleum wells at Baku, on the Caspian, show signs of exhaustion. The price of the product, too, has gone up from two to three hundred per cent. If this decline in the flow of the crude oil proves to be permanent, the plan of piping it to the Black Sea so as to bring it more readily to the refineries and to the market will be abandoned, and our own oil will have no serious competitor either in Europe or Asia.

The decline of the Knights of Labor from a membership of over half a million to less than 100,000, not only shows that the order "has ceased to be a factor in the labor problem," but seems also to throw a serious doubt upon the success of any central defensive organization composed of the various trades. Separate unions may exist of particular industries, but the policies and conditions of success of these are so peculiar or divergent that permanent coherence in one body is scarcely to be hoped for—at least, not until Mr. Powderly's idea of uplifting the workmen by education has made some progress.

The unflinching course which the French government has taken towards General Boulanger and his principal sympathizers—convicting them of conspiracy against the State, and the General for embzzling public funds, and sentencing them to be deported to a fortified place—while savoring rather of executive than judicial procedure, has excited no adverse popular comment apparently. The Parisians showed no excitement at the publication of the sentence, but went about their business with a chilly indifference. This is the most cruel cut of all. The would-be dictator must have realized, on the 14th of August, that his last hope was crushed, that the only future before him is one of exile and poverty, if no of imprisonment. Popular discontent in France must either cure itself by legitimate remedies and reforms, or find a new standard-bearer.

With heavy hand-hammers, weighing 13 to 15 pounds each, and short chisels, Chinese miners have been accustomed for ages to chip the lime-stone rock for silver at Ku-Shan-Tzu, in Mongolia, distant eight-days' travel from Pekin. They show no advance upon the methods pursued by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Lately an American expert—Professor Church—has been appointed by the Chinese authorities superintendent of these mines. He has with him an equipment of tools and explosives, and a small force of skilled laborers. U. S. Minister Denby has recently visited these mines and written an interesting description of them to the State department. He says: "I have great hopes that the mines will prove a paying investment. It is not important that they should be a bonanza, but it is all-important that they pay. If they could produce \$500 a day, the problem of progress in China, under American direction, would be solved."

Our new navy grows space—rapidly enough for safe and effective construction and equipment. The tests of the gunboat "Yorktown" both as to speed and battery are considered satisfactory. Her sister ships, the "Bennington" and "Concord," are nearly completed. During the fall four great cruisers—the "Newark," the "Philadelphia," the "San Francisco," and the "Baltimore"—will be ready for acceptance by the government, together with the "Charleston" of the same class, which has already had one trial trip. Later on, the armored cruisers, "Maine" and "Texas" will be added to the list, with the "Puritan" transformed into a powerful barbette ship. Of the monitors, the "Miantonomah" is nearly completed; the "Amphitrite," "Monadnock," and "Terror," are in process of construction, or re-construction. Mention, too, should be made of the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius," whose speed trial was successful, and of the new sea-going torpedo boat just built by the Herreshoff, the contract for which calls for a speed of twenty-two knots. Besides all these Congress has provided for a submerging monitor, to be built from a design by Congressman J. R. Thomas, five rapid-fire cruisers, a sister ship to the "Vesuvius," a practice ship for the naval school, a harbor ram of the plan designed by Admiral Ammen, and four steam tugs. The movement to rehabilitate our navy lingered long, but no one can now complain of governmental neglect. The ships that will proudly fly our flag will not suffer in comparison with those of any.

before the Congress, has drawn up a suggestive report. From this document it appears that while this country imports heavily from South American countries, our exports are comparatively small. Owing to lack of direct communication and of subsidized lines we sell to these countries only \$50,000,000 of our products annually, while France, England and Germany are selling \$400,000,000. The United States should claim at least 50 per cent. of this export trade, the committee think; and it should be carried in American bottoms. The committee further recommend the adoption of measures tending to preserve peace and prosperity; the formation of an American custom union; a uniform system of weights and measures, the protection of patent rights, copy-rights, and trade-marks, and the extradition of criminals; the adoption of a common silver coin, and the formulation of an arbitration scheme for settling all international disputes. It will be seen from these recommendations that the coming Congress will not lack subjects to discuss, and that its session promises to be a protracted one.

Three months ago Dr. Brown-Squard, of Paris, now in his 73d year, experimented upon himself hypodermically with a fluid which he had prepared from the blood and certain glands of a dog and some guinea pigs. His purpose was to determine whether vitalizing fluids taken from the bodies of healthy animals could be safely transferred into the human circulation as a means of prolonging and invigorating life. In his own case ten injections were made in arms and legs, between May 15 and June 4, and the results of the experiments were given to the world in a paper, read before the *Société de Biologie* in Paris. These results were indeed surprising: "Before the experiments he was so weak that he was invariably compelled to sit after working half an hour in his laboratory; and for many years he had been so exhausted after returning home at 6 o'clock as to be forced at once to go to bed. After the experiments he was able to stand for three or four hours in his laboratory and to write in the evening for an hour and a half without weariness. Instead of creeping and hobbling on a staircase, he could run up and down like a boy. His arms, tested by a dynamometer, regained a strength which they had not possessed for twenty-six years. Digestion and other functions were markedly improved. With regard to the facility of intellectual labor, which had greatly diminished with advancing age, he records a decided return to normal conditions. In brief, all functions depending on the spinal chord and nervous centres were notably and rapidly strengthened by the action of 'the vitalized principles.' The beneficial effects lasted just one month, and then the pre-existing infirmities returned. The Doctor believes that "while special nutritive actions bringing certain changes in men and animals are absolutely fatal and irreversible," it is yet possible, by means of this discovery to renew temporarily tissues, muscles, and nerve centers with new energy. The credibility and value of his assertions are being tested by physicians all over the world. The probability is that Dr. Brown-Squard's "dark-red decoction" will be found, under certain conditions, one of the best of hypodermic tonics or exhilarants. The true "elixir of life" will continue to be found in concience, exercise, proper diet and a good conscience.

The two "sensations" of the past week were the shameful *exposé* in the Flack divorce case in New York, and the shooting of ex-Judge Terry in Lathrop, Cal. James M. Flack, sheriff of New York City, in the name of his wife, but without her knowledge, succeeded in procuring, on the ground of adultery, an absolute divorce from her. The decree was promptly annulled by the judge who granted it when the wronged woman made affidavit that all the alleged proceedings so far as she was concerned were utterly fraudulent, and that she had never even heard of the lawyer who claimed to be her attorney. It remains to be seen what the courts will do with the official who has been guilty of this flagrant conspiracy and crime against justice, and with those who aided him. In the Terry case, it appears that Terry, who killed Senator Broderick thirty years ago in a duel and whose career has been a stormy and violent one, had threatened the life of Judge Field because the latter had most deservedly sent him to jail for contempt of court; that the danger of Judge Field was regarded as so imminent that U. S. Deputy Marshal Nagle was detailed to attend and protect him; that Terry, with his wife, the notorious Sarah Althea Hill, tried to enter the same sleeper with Field, but could not get accommodations; that she left the restaurant the next morning to procure a satchel which was afterwards found to contain a pistol. A tragic occurrence in an absence. Terry is little known in the New York Tribune, "that the meditated murder, and if the Deputy Marshal had been a little less prompt with his revolver, the world might have been scandalized by the assassination of a Judge of our highest court in revenge for a action taken in the line of duty."

A NOTE FROM CHAPLAIN McCABE.

Eighteen years ago, in company with Bishop Ames, I saw Denver City, Colorado, for the first time.

Where most of the city now stands, the prairie dogs still had their little homes and barked at us as we passed over the very spot where now stands the magnificent new Trinity Church. Denver Methodism has taken great leaps and bounds since then. We now have eleven Methodist Episcopal churches in the city, and the great University of Denver has begun its brilliant career. Loyal hearts have laid their gifts at Jesus' feet by the hundred thousand. There seems to be no end to the princely liberality of the great-hearted Methodists. If any one should ask me what pleased me most about our church in this city I would say, "The manner in which Trinity Church sees the great congregations which worship there." Any person by promising to pay something each Sabbath, can have a seat in

that church. It may be five cents, it may be ten dollars, but it must be paid weekly. The millionaire and the mechanic sit together in the Lord's house. You cannot tell which is the rich man, or which is the poor man. The trustees depend upon the honor of the people to keep their promises. The result is an average weekly voluntary offering of \$300; or \$15,600 per annum. This pays all expenses and the interest on their debt until it shall be paid; for every dollar of it is provided for in good subscriptions.

Rev. H. A. Buchtel, D. D., is pastor. He is wonderfully successful. He goes for victory every time, and "gets there."

Grace Church is another magnificent building. To this church Governor Evans and Bishop Warren and family belong.

Yesterday was Missionary Day. Trinity gave \$1,800, Grace \$1,100—an increase in these two churches of \$1,500 over the collections of last year. Rev. A. H. Lucas began his ministry at Grace Church by a great missionary meeting which filled the church to its utmost. Considering the fact that they have all been building new churches and subscribing to the University, these are most encouraging collections.

I only wish I had a thousand such churches right in line, and could hold three meetings a day till we could sight the two-million line for missions, and turn this battle of the Lord of hosts into complete and overwhelming victory.

To-night at Trinity the eleven churches unite in a great missionary mass-meeting.

THE BEST BOOK ON BUDDHISM.

BY PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. WARREN.

I HAVE often been asked by former pupils and others to indicate the best single work on Buddhism. Hitherto it has not been easy to answer. The best work on this or that local type of the system, or the best in this or that language, or the best for this or that purpose, would never seem to command itself as the best, all things considered. Today, however, I think it no exaggeration to say, that from the University of Oxford we have at length a book better adapted than any other, either in the English or in any other language, to induce the general reader into a clear, comprehensive and judicial view of historical and contemporaneous Buddhism. The work to which I refer is entitled, "Buddhism in its Connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism, and in its Contrast with Christianity." Its author is Sir Monier Monier-Wilams, the eminent Sanscrit Professor.

As to his rare Oriental scholarship no one acquainted with the place held in Europe by his Sanscrit Dictionary, Sanscrit Grammar, and Manual, may have any question; while readers of his well known "Indian Wisdom," "Modern India and the Indians," and especially his great work on "Brahmanism and Hinduism," will readily accord to him the candor, the patience, and the philosophic insight essential to the scientific cultivator of the field of religions.

In his prefatory apology for producing a new book on Buddhism, he briefly states some of the points which give to his researches interest and value—or, as he modestly expresses it, "the distinctive character of their own." The reader of these lines will, I am sure, thank me for reproducing them in this place. They are as follows:—

"In the first place, I have been able to avail myself of the latest publications of the Fall Text Society, and to consult many recent works which previous writers have not had at their command. Secondly, I have striven to combine scientific accuracy with a popular exposition sufficiently readable to satisfy the wants of the cultured English-speaking world—a world crowded with intelligent readers who take an increasing interest in Buddhism and its sacred language Pali, a life-long preparatory study of Brahmanism and its sacred language Sanscrit. Fifthly, I have on three occasions traveled through the sacred land of Buddhism, and have carried on my investigations personally in the place of its origin, as well as in Ceylon and on the borders of Tibet. Lastly, I have depicted Buddhism from the standpoint of a believer in Christianity, who has shown by his other works on Eastern religions an earnest desire to give them credit for all the good they contain."

Twenty-one well-chosen and well-executed illustrations add not a little to the value of the work.

It is often falsely stated that Buddhism numbers more adherents than any other religion, our author has done well to investigate the question. The conclusions which he reaches agree almost precisely with those already published by Professor Legge of Oxford, and by Dr. Hopper of China. According to these, Buddhism, numerically considered, must take the fourth place among the great religions of the world, the true order being as follows:

1. Christianity, 430 to 450 millions.
2. Confucianism (no figures given).
3. Hinduism, about 200 millions.
4. Buddhism, about 100 millions.
5. Mohammedanism (no exact estimate).
6. Taoism (no figures given).

He concludes his discussion with the following remark:—

"It is possible that a careful census might result in a more favorable estimate of the number of Buddhists in the world, than I have here submitted; but at all events it may safely be alleged that even as a form of popular religion Buddhism is gradually losing its vitality—gradually losing its hold on the vast populations once loyal to its rule; nay, that the time is rapidly approaching when its capacity for resistance must give way before the mighty forces which are destined in the end to sweep it from the earth."

Elsewhere he affirms:—

"Its present condition is one of rapidly-increasing disintegration and decline."

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In his treatment of the symbolism of Buddhism Professor Williams preserves the same good sense which characterizes him in his historic researches. In a foot-note he frankly says, "I am no believer in the learned M. Senart's sun theory." To Kern I find no allusion beyond a mention in a general list of writers on the subject. Other fantasists of less learning are passed over in deserved silence. Highly judicious and candid also are the remarks upon Mystical Buddhism and Asiatic Occultism in Lecture X. His contrast of the entire system with Christianity closes the book, and will be of much interest to all readers interested in Christian missions. Dr. Kellogg's "Light of Asia and the Light of the World" is a good companion-piece for it.

All in all, as a well-digested compendium of substantially all that is known to scholars respecting Buddhism, northern and southern, ancient and modern, this stately volume may safely be recommended to the general reader as the best extant.

Boston University.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

BY REV. J. D. PICKLES.

Mr. Editor: The article in ZION'S HERALD of July 31 by James Buckham, entitled "Christianity and Society," both timely and forcible. The theme itself demands prolonged and radical treatment. For some time my own mind has been exercised along these very lines, and now that Bro. Buckham has so warmly opened the subject, I hope that it may receive extended treatment.

Possibly no question is of more importance than the one now raised. It is indeed "an anomaly" to see the theoretical and literary influence of Christianity as seen in church buildings, church societies, magazines, and newspapers, and yet observe how little the real spirit of Christ obtains in commercial, industrial and political relations. Indeed, one is almost forced to the conclusion that to an alarming degree Christianity is a failure in its ability to compel men by inward constraint and by the forcefulness of its own moral majesty to follow the lines which in theory it points out as the true, and only true, course man ethically and spiritually is allowed to pursue.

Look, for instance, at the commercial world—a hunting after the wandering asses of his father, Kish, that he came upon the crown of Israel; and the Pilgrim Fathers only thought they were finding a quiet place to pray apart when they were in reality founding the American Republic. It is the same with Methodism. John Wesley has wrought vaster things than he ever dreamed of accomplishing when first he set on foot the movement whose ever growing results encompass the world. Of these I but desire to call attention to two, both of which are of the highest degree of importance in the political sphere.

The first is the extent to which Wesleyanism has acted as a cement of Empire, and thereby contributed materially towards the solution of the supreme political problem of our time. Of

all the phenomena of this century, immeasurably the greatest is the Englishing of the world.

Forty years ago Emerson declared of the English: "As they are many-headed, so they are many-nationed; their colonization annexes archipelagoes and continents, and their speech seems destined to be the universal language of man." What he saw afar off is now near at hand. Mankind is becoming of one tongue, and that tongue speaks English. All the waste, unoccupied places of the world are being peopled with men of English descent. America is but a larger and continental England; Australia, another island, with an even vaster future than America. The empire of the sea has been ours from of old, and before long all its shores will be English or American. The planet is girded by infant commonwealths of English-speaking men, virtually independent of the mother country, yet nominally within the Empire; managing their own affairs, yet connected by many subtle and potent ties with the mother country; destined either to present the world with a magnificent spectacle of a Pacific federation, too strong to be attacked and too united to fear disruption, or toadden the heart of mankind by reproducing on a vaster scale the savage and irrational condition of internal political chaos which at this hour converts Europe into one huge camp. How will these English folk get on together? how will the children of John Bull dwell together in peace and unity when they have grown up?—these are the supremely important questions of our day. Compared with this pre-eminent problem all others shrink into insignificance. For the future of the world's peace and civilization depends upon the maintenance of an ordered peace and stable relations between the ocean-sundered members of the English family.

It is the glory of Methodism that it has powerfully contributed to the forces which make for peace, unity, and federation. It has

done this quite independently of its direct religious teaching. The ties which bind the English offshoots to the English stock, and

which make the Americans, for instance, almost as English as Australians, are largely those of association and of interest. Among

those ties it is difficult to name any that more powerfully move millions of men than those of religion. There is a famous passage in Carlyle's "Heroes" in which that Shakespeare is the real unifier, the permanent king of English-speaking men. Another writer saw in Stratford-on-Avon the centre of the world, the Mecca of the race which in a hundred years will only speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke. But there are millions of English speakers to whom Shakespeare is no real or living force. They never read his plays, they never go to the theatre. The charm of Stratford does not appeal to them, for they are intellectually or morally outside the pale of literature. The memory of the exploits of the heroes of our race, the valor of our great warriors, the heroism of our reformers, the supreme devotion to duty which characterizes the nobility of our people—these things all are as golden nails which fasten together the edifice of our Empire. But, as a governor of an Australian colony was lamenting to me the other day, the new generation in our colonies is growing up in almost total ignorance of the splendid past of the race to which they belong. The words, the names, the sayings which thrill us with the sound of a clarion are meaningless to them. History is not taught in the schools because of the wicked quarrel between Protestant and Catholic, and so the New World is growing up cut off from the Old. With these great gaps and abysses separating the English over sea from the old country, it is difficult to overestimate the service which has been rendered to the unity of our race by the spread of Methodism. Wherever a Methodist chapel stands in any part of the world's round surface, there is a generator of the electric bonds of sympathy and interest which unite the people. Men who regarded England as a mere geographical expression have learned to regard her as the parent of their religion, the home of the Wesleyans, the land of the sacred

sites of the Methodist revival. Under the stimulating influence of Methodism the most famous centres of English life become real and visible to the English-speaker in California or the Antipodes. Epworth is to thousands far more sacred as a pilgrim shrine than Stratford; and the Wesley brothers who founded the Methodist polity are a more living force to-day, constraining the minds of the English-speaking men to brotherly feeling and a sense of national unity, than the Wellesleys, although the Wellesleys reared the Indian Empire and crushed the empire of Napoleon.

The tie of a common denomination reinforces the link of a common language; and, little as our Anglican friends like to admit it,

Methodism is the greatest common denominator of all the Reformed churches. Men are interested in each other by the number of interests which they share. The mere possession in common of the same parts of speech and the use of a common grammar do not in themselves constitute sufficient identity of interest to serve as the basis for unity. Far more real, far more potent, are the common interests of the common faith. Methodists all speak English; England is their Holy Land. Here are the tombs of their apostles and the original tabernacles of their faith. Wherever they go the English tradition encompasses them, and in America and in New Zealand constant appeal is made to the rulings, the decisions, and the precedents established by the English Conferences. Even without this the Methodist all over the world is thinking about the same things from the same standpoint. He is confronting the same problems, conquering the same difficulties. His thoughts are all cast in the same mould—that mould is English. Hence a quite incalculable addition to the security that the English-speaking communities will in the future decide to federate in recognition of the community of their interests rather than to drift or fly apart into more or less antagonistic states.

The second phase of the political service which Methodism has rendered the Empire is the extent to which its organization has made Englishmen at home everywhere. The Prince of Wales recently remarked that he always regarded Canada and Australia as being as much part and parcel of England as Sussex and Yorkshire. What Methodism has done has been to make this idea a reality. When a Methodist lad reared in some English village determines to cross the Atlantic, or take ship to the Antipodes, there to seek his fortune in lands where every well-doing man has a chance, what is it comforts his parents as they send him forth, and supplies an element of hope and of cheer in the midst of the blackness and darkness of parting? It is the thought that wherever the boy may go, he will be sure to find himself within reach of a Methodist chapel; and that even in the uttermost ends of the earth there will be some class-leader who will look after him, some godly minister who will undertake to see to the lad's welfare. It is difficult to over-estimate the extent to which this has facilitated emigration by softening the pangs of separation, and comforting those who see their loved ones go off into the wilderness. Methodism has been a great mother to the colonist. She has looked after his wants, attended to his needs; grouped him in families, and generally presided over his earliest and most pressing wants. Nor is that all that she has done. One of the most painful facts in life is the speed with which old ties disappear, and we stand alone in the midst of what had once been

Miscellaneous.

GOD'S WAY IN THE SEA.

A Sermon.

BY REV. W. H. THOMAS, D. D.

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters; and Thy footprints are not known." —PSALM 77:19.

THIS is a verse of song from the worship of a narrow inland people. It is a reference to an event in their history, when the sea became their gate that opened to let them out of slavery to become a nation, and then closed behind them to shut their enemies back.

It is no wonder they saw God's way in the sea that wrought for them so much. To-day a wider knowledge brings a wider interpretation of the relations God sustains to nature and life. In the olden time God was looked only for in the abnormal, the miraculous; to-day we look for Him in the normal—in the steady pulse-beats of nature; in the creative processes that are constant; in the changes of nature and life that are continuous, persistent and uniform. So in the wide seas that are now explored and mapped we may say with larger significance and profounder meaning, "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters; and Thy footprints are not known."

First. There is a sense of *exclusiveness* in these words—"Thy way," "Thy path"—and this exclusiveness is a most impressive fact about the seas. God takes man in partnership on three-tenths of the globe, which is land. In the perfecting of fruit and flowers and animal life there is a divided work—God has a part, and man has a part. But not so on the seven-tenths of the globe which His—that is His, His exclusively, His alone. Man's way is on the land. There he has swept off its forests, cloven its soil, tossed aloft as fountains of waters the stone from the quarry and made it stand first in forms of beauty in palace and temple and city; he has drenched all lands with his blood, and furrowed all lands with his graves. Footprints of forgotten races are to be discerned in almost all lands.

But on the sea no footprints mark man's passage. No traces can be found there of the battles he fought. No dwelling-places, no monuments, no palaces, no structures of man's part can there be found. A fugitive passage over it is all that is permitted him—a passage that leaves no trace, nor anything permanent. One moment he is here in all his pride and strength passing over the dominion of God, but he cannot stay; he must pass on and leave no enduring track behind. On its surface men may war and fight and tear their destructive conflict; but a few feet below its surface their reign ceases, their influence is quenched, their power disappears.

The sea is now as it was in the beginning. Just as primitive humanity saw it, we see it. No track or wrinkle of man's creations or destructions is on it. It is God's now exclusively, as it was His then. It bears His marks, not man's. It is the untaught, unchanged world of God. We look out on it as into aboriginal space; we go out of the door of man's kingdom into the primeval element that God retains for His own. We sail out of the old world man has scarred, into the new world that is as fresh and virgin as on creation's morning. So "in the prow of our ship is the gift of a new world," as fair and full of God as it was in the beginning when God saw that it was very good. We sail out of this worn and weary age into the youth of the world. It is not merely sailing over space but over time—back over thousands of years to the dawn of things on the earth. It is a marvelous that the mountains and hills that seem so permanent are in fact fugitive; the land crumbles, wastes, and is carried down by wind and rain; it does not abide. But the sea that is always changing, yet changes not, never the same, it remains always the same; as it was in the beginning, it is now. Changeable changelessness! Mutable immutability! Unstable stability! Fickle permanence!—ever rocking, yet lying there as it was when the morning stars sang together.

The sea is His. His alone! He made it; and there it lies just as He made it, along the land that time and man have marked and marred. Is this the secret of the wonderful charm of the sea—companionship with its limitless fresh life and freedom? that far away is the sound of the ceaseless toil and strife of human struggling, and we go forth on the domain of God alone? Domain untaught by man, with nothing to suggest his struggles or his history! Cities, nations, possessions, ownerships, civilizations, boundary lines cease, and we are out on a clear place of terrestrial space unmarred and unmarrable!

Second. The way of His *creative process* is in the seas; the path down which existence emerges is there. Almost all primitive nations declare, in their cosmogonies, that earth is the daughter of the ocean. The Hebrews state it: "He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods." And modern thought is largely setting in the same direction. In those immense reservoirs of life and force they look for the simplest forms of life. And as the globe, geologically speaking, began with the sea and may end with the sea, so in the sea may be traced the forces that make and unmake life. Indeed, it appears from one point of view that the sea is everything. We study the strata of the earth—rocks, clay, sand, chalk, conglomerates—and we find they prove that the materials of continents have been made by the sea and mostly in the sea. Many rocks, like Scandinavian granites, long believed to have come from the earth's interior, are now thought to be ancient rudimentary strata slowly transformed by the mechanical and chemical action of the sea. The sides and summits of mountains now thousands of feet above the sea level are marked by traces of the action of the sea in ancient times. And now we mark these changes; shores sink away and are swallowed up in the sea; in other places shores emerge and the ocean line withdraws farther and farther away. Granite coasts are disintegrated by the action of the waters which carry away their constituents—quartz, feldspar and mica—to build them up into new rocks. The clay, made of the slow decomposition of feldspar, is transformed into slate, or later known as the ancient schists. The animal life that swarms in the sea, by its shell, coral, and other coverings, is building up banks and islands that by and by appear as land. So in the ocean the work of creating a new world is constantly going on. Past continents and islands have disappeared; the present are disappearing, or will disappear, in whole or part;

and out of the deeps arise the new worlds wherein humanity is to dwell.

And, more than this, the ocean stretches out its arms of vapor and rain, and tears down the mountains and the hills. The moisture that rives the granite mountains, that condenses into the glaciers that carve out valleys and carry down the bowlders; the waters that burrow into the earth and dissolve rocks and hollow out caverns and bring up their mineral treasures to the surface; the rivers that save continents from being uninhabitable deserts, and that carry down the earth they water to the sea; the daly of the field that wears its drop of diamond dew; the cup of the mountain flower that the night fills with drink;—all these things, and untold more, are the messengers from the sea that go forth and return again whence they come. The layer of fourteen feet of the sea surface taken yearly by evaporation into the clouds, comes back laden with spoils from all lands. How humanity has longed to see the Creator's hand at work fashioning this fair fabric. To know the truth about beginnings, how men have explored and studied! But the sight has been at hand always in the seven-tenths that was creating and upholding the three-tenths.

In the ocean we look on creation's morning as did the seers of old. The world in its infancy is rocked in the cradle of the deep. There we look upon the youth of the world. Its breath is a breath out of the morning of the world. The seashore is as the boundary of two worlds. We stand in the present and look out on original things. Here we look on the work-shop of creation. Here continents are forming; islands are building. The world that shall be, is here constructed; and when we are gone and forgotten, it will be lifted up out of the great deep, and men shall dwell on it and consume the stores now hoarding and gathering for them. And as in the waves that come to-day we see the influence of the storm that passed afar off, so the sea itself is the echo of passing forces. It heaves with the creative power that works in its depths afar off. It trembles as the air of the great foundry trembles and quivers under the labor of ponderous hammers forging steel guns and armor plates and engines; so it trembles as creative forces hammer out continents and build up hereafter. The long roll of its ceaseless waves on the coast are the echoes of God's steps as He passes by on His creative way in the sea, and walks His path of construction in the great waters.

Third. So also while there is the sense of *exclusiveness* in the sea; while its vast solitariness seems to echo, "I am God, and beside Me there is none else!" it has also the sense of *inclusiveness*; as holding something for each and all. The habit of our thought is apt to be, that the good and devout have a monopoly of God. But "there's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea." "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." He has thought, solicitude, bounty, long-suffering and tenderness for all. And there is something in the sea that catches all classes of minds, and ministers to all. The trader may see in it only a highway for his traffic, where he pays nothing for right of way, does not have to keep the road-bed in order, nor the fences in repair. He may sigh over its wealth of sunken argosies, the untold gold and gems and pearls, the sunken cities and palaces it hides. But the philosopher sees it in the place where the primordial life of the globe had infancy; the place where lie buried the secrets of the ancient days. Its every bellow presents the insoluble problem of motion without progress; its depths the teeming fountain of life and health for animal and vegetable life—in those depths and far away is the creation of continents; its power as the great equalizer of the world's temperature that makes earth habitable. He sees the hand of far-off worlds scooping up its waters into tides its laws of buoyancy; its ocean rivers, with banks and currents well-defined; the great power that is in the softness of its mobile waters breaking against the granite cliffs, "as if you should melt an iron-clad with feathers," yet as the poet sings:—

"Sun is thy victory, on, blem of weakness,

Certain thine overthrow, ponderous wall;

Bribe is sternness, but mighty is meekness,

O wave that will conquer; O cliff that must fall."

And this power that removes mountains he marvels to see held in its place by a rope of sand.

And the artist, what a world of beauty and grace for him! What fret of foamy lace in its wave tips, its feathers of grace; what embroidery now here, now gone, adorn the rolling windows of water! what delicate lines of curve and swell even in its most turbulent tumul! Fragile and slight as wreaths of vapor are the spray crowns of foam on the head of the storm. And beauty of color, too. We sail on jasper seas; we glide over fields of golden fire; we plough through seas of blood, or the deeply, darkly beautiful blue of that green seen only in the deep seas in mighty agitation, and at Niagara when the waters gather for the leap. And what feathers of silver, plumes of snowy foam, adorn the waves, that prance on like battalions of soldiers uniformed in blue and green—squadrons forever advancing, forever disappearing, yet forever there. Ah, what living colors that flash and pass and change and play in endless combination in this molten sea of color—"this chameleon sea."

How men have wished, when the summer was clothed in its early brightness, that flower and tint could be preserved forever as they were. In the gardens of the sea this is done: The shells are like tinted flowers that do not wither; petrified gardens are there; beauty is held enthralled, flowers entranced; as, in the legend, a tropical island with flower, fruit and bud, was frozen in the ice and held fast in its beauty forever. The way of His beauty is in the sea, and His loveliness is in the great waters.

And time would not serve to even allude to the world of poetry that poets find there. The devout man finds as the Quaker poet found:—

"Its waves are kneeling on the strand
As kneel the human knee;
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea."

The joyous songs as Bryant sang:—

"The bright crests of innumerable waves
Gleam to the sun at once, as when
The hands of a great multitude are
Upward flung in acclamation."

The resolute sees there,—

"The strong will and the endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of fate."

The world-weary soul finds,
"Here like a kind hand on my brow
Comes the fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and torrid glow;
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the sea."

"Here where the sunny waters break
And rippled the keen breeze: I shake
All burdens from the heart
All weary thought away."

Yes; all inclusive is the sea. Burroughs writes: "What a cemetery, and yet what healing in its breath; what a desert, and yet what plenty in its depths; how destructive, and yet the contents are its handwork!"

"Sea full of food, and nourisher of men,"

Purger of earth, and medicine of men,"

and yet famine and thirst, dismay and death stalk the wave. Contradictory, multitudinous sea—the despoiler and yet the renewer; barren as a rock, yet as fruitful as a field; old as time and young as to-day; merciless as fate and tender as love; the fountain of all waters, yet mocking its victims with the most horrible thirst, smiting as a hammer and caressing as a lady's pain; falling on the shore as a wall of rock, then creeping up the sands with the rustle of an infant's drapery; cesspool of the continents, yet creating a most sweet elixir in its breath; pit of terror, gulf of despair, caldron of hell, yet health, power, beauty, enchantment dwell forever with the sea." Comply with its laws, meet its requirement, and it is true and faithful; it will buoy up safely the mightiest ship man can construct and keep safely the tiniest, most fragile "th'zoped." Disobey it, and it is a monster swallowing up remorselessly the crowded steamer and the tired swimmer alike.

When he had concluded, among other remarks made, B. W. Gorham inquired whether any one present could inform him what was the probable basis of the striking rhetorical figure involved in the phrase, "*Holding forth the word of life?*" Turning at length to Dr. Wm. Butler, the speaker asked whether he might not be able to shed some light upon that subject. The latter arose and modestly observed that he could not speak positively or critically in reference to the matter, but suggested that in the words of the apostle referred to, an allusion might have been conveyed to the Alexandrian Pharos, the meaning being that, as notable to her lifted up its blazing torch over a dark and sometimes stormy sea for the benefit of the imperiled mariner, so the preacher was to be a light-holder for Christ, "*holding forth the word of life.*" I was exceedingly glad here again to see and hear Dr. Butler. I had not seen or heard him since more than ten years before. I had heard him, just previous to my conversion, preach in the old time-honored Methodist church in Burlington a sermon on the words, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might;*" on which occasion the good doctor illustrated his doctrine by his style of utterance and delivery. He literally preached with his might; and the sermon produced a lasting—not to say saving—impression on the mind of at least one young and careless college student, who from a distant gallery that evening listened earnestly to that gospel message almost in spite of himself.

Sandwiched between these two events was Dr. Butler's memorable experience in India. He had not yet founded the Mexican mission. Dr. John W. Butler, at present practically at the head of that wonderful work, at the time of which I am writing was a lad, say of ten or a dozen years of age. How gratifying that this Nestor of New England Methodism—Dr. Wm. Butler—after his glorious record for the church at home and abroad is still with us; and that, though doubtless beginning to feel somewhat the infirmities of age, his tongue has as yet by no means lost any of its marvelous eloquence, or his voice aught of its melting pathos, or persuasive power. Long may he still live in the midst of those whose delight it is to do him honor!

Meanwhile, how comparatively few of that company, assembled that morning in that Cornhill loft and participating in the exercises of that Preachers' Meeting, still remain! More than half of them have probably now crossed the flood. One of the last, if indeed the very last, of those that was gifted, eccentric genius, B. W. Gorham. And the mention of this brother's name reminds me of a very remarkable incident in his history. It occurred at the Sterling camp-meeting, some eighteen months subsequent to the above-mentioned Preachers' Meeting. It was evening. L. D. Bentley was to preach. Gorham was invited to make the prayer. That prayer, if prayer it might be called, which was more an inspired prose poem, a lofty, glowing, meditation on the government of God, in which the whole history of the plan of salvation, in the most vivid and majestic rhetoric, was outlined—that prayer was not less than thirty minutes in length! Under its influence the great congregation was moved as the forest is when swept by the winds of autumn; was stirred as the ocean is when wrought by the tempest's mighty power. More than once the petitioner was obliged to pause until the tumult and excitement had subsided sufficiently for his voice to be heard. Nor did this enforced suspension of speech on his part seem, in the least, to diminish his ardor. Resuming his line of thought where it had been temporarily left, he would again sweep on and up in his seraphic flight until the uprising storm about him would yet again drown his voice. At length, rising to the very top of his high argument, in a perfect tempest of shout and hallelujahs, the prayer concluded. Whether Mr. Gorham ever had such an experience as this before then, or has had since, I am unable to say. Personally, I question whether the equal of this performance, in many important respects, has ever occurred in the history of our Methodism.

AN OLD-TIME BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.

A Reminiscence.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

MY first visit to Boston was in the spring of 1865. I had come down from northern Vermont to see the "Hub" with my own eyes. Stopping in the city over Sunday, I availed myself, of course, of the opportunity afforded of visiting the noted headquarters for all Methodists, on Cornhill. There I met Dr. Cobleigh, editor of ZION'S HERALD, busily occupied with his editorial duties, and toiling away in a little den, in striking contrast with that paper's present palatial quarters. Then there and there I also met Franklin Rand, so cordially recognized by all as one of the most princely of men. I remember, on that occasion, forming a very pleasant acquaintance with Bro. Sanford B. Sweetzer, then of Peabody, and Rev. Wm. McDonald. I recollect hearing the latter very positively intimate to the ZION'S HERALD editor that he desired the notice of no book of his in his columns which the editor had not himself actually examined, so as to know what he was writing about.

Meantime it was hardly necessary to say that the event of special note connected with this visit to Methodist headquarters in Boston was my first introduction to the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting. This meeting, in those days, was held in a very small, unpretentious loft, or attic chamber, attached to the Book-room premises. As the hour for the opening of the meeting approached, a brother appeared at the head of the stairs and announced that fact, energetically calling upon the brethren at once to put in an appearance. I ventured to follow the crowd, and so entered "the little upper room." I do not now remember who was the presiding officer of the meeting on that occasion. I had the good fortune to obtain a seat by the side of the always courteous Rev. E. A. Manning, who, in answer to my interrogatories, kindly pointed out the dignitaries present, or informed me who the principal speakers might be.

I well remember George Prentice, then stationed at Newtonville, and in whom I had become much interested because of certain vigorous, trenchant, sensible remarks by him in ZION'S HERALD on the atonement—intimating that no soul personally seeking salvation ever thinks of the theologic Christ, much less of the accepted "orthodox theory" of the atonement. Yes, and just here I remember another thing—how that, standing that morning by his father's knee, was a robust, noble-looking boy of ten years of age, the son that years after, having become a

scholar of great promise, a successful teacher, an earnest Christian young man, while yet in life's bright morning, was carried to the grave. I. J. P. Collier, that most genial of men and royal preacher, was present. What a joy it was just to look into his face! Dr. Charles K. True, then stationed (I think) at Hanover Street, read an essay. He preferred the reading by the statement that the paper that he was about to present was a "rejected address." He had prepared it in competition for a prize, but he had failed to win the prize. His theme was "tobacco," and he took radical grounds against its use, particularly by ministers of the Gospel. No sooner had he concluded than Father Taylor sprang to his feet (this was my first sight of the famous sailor-preacher), and denounced the doctrine of the essay, insisting that, as tobacco was a good creature of God, it must be right to smoke and chew it. Another essay on this occasion was the late Samuel Tupper. This was the only time I had the pleasure of meeting this truly saintly man. He died soon after. If I remember correctly, his paper consisted of an outline of a sermon on the words, "Holding forth the word of life."

When he had concluded, among other remarks made, B. W. Gorham inquired whether any one present could inform him what was the probable basis of the striking rhetorical figure involved in the phrase, "*Holding forth the word of life?*" Turning at length to Dr. Wm. Butler, the speaker asked whether he might not be able to shed some light upon that subject. The latter arose and modestly observed that he could not speak positively or critically in reference to the matter, but suggested that in the words of the apostle referred to, an allusion might have been conveyed to the Alexandrian Pharos, the meaning being that, as notable to her lifted up its blazing torch over a dark and sometimes stormy sea for the benefit of the imperiled mariner, so the preacher was to be a light-holder for Christ, "*holding forth the word of life.*" I was exceedingly glad here again to see and hear Dr. Butler. I had not seen or heard him since more than ten years before. I had heard him, just previous to my conversion, preach in the old time-honored Methodist church in Burlington a sermon on the words, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might;*" on which occasion the good doctor illustrated his doctrine by his style of utterance and delivery. He literally preached with his might; and the sermon produced a lasting—not to say saving—impression on the mind of at least one young and careless college student, who from a distant gallery that evening listened earnestly to that gospel message almost in spite of himself.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

There was a pretty scene in the Tabernacle Presbyterian church the Sunday before Decoration day, when the 400 or 500 people in the congregation will not easily forget.

Dr. J. H. Bryson of Huntsville, Ala., moderator of the Southern Assembly, had been announced to preach, but previous to the sermon Dr. McCook, the pastor of the church, announced that at the afternoon service he would preach a Decoration-day sermon to the Second Regiment, of which he is chaplain. When Dr. McCook sat down, and while the choir softly sang, those nearest the pulpit noticed that the clergymen whispered together for a moment and then, as if by a sudden inspiration, heartily shook hands.

When Dr. Bryson arose his face was marked with feeling. He stood for a moment silently watching the eagerly attentive faces in the congregation, and then, controlling his voice with evident effort, and speaking in tones of rare sympathetic quality, he said:

"By a singular Providence, Dr. McCook and I discovered a few minutes ago that we had both been chaplains. After he had spoken of addressing the soldiers I said: 'You probably didn't know that I was a chaplain in the Confederate army.' 'No,' he said, 'but now

I know that we are both chaplains in God's great army.' And right there we grasped hands across the years. Soldiers find it no difficulty to come together. There is no enmity between the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South. Christianity is above all things. At Chickamauga I gave up everything for both—all I had to eat, all I freely yielded. I knew no difference between friend and enemy. When a Northern soldier asked me why I did it, I said: 'It was Providence that brought you into my hands.' The past is dead. In the dark days of the war I prayed to God that if it was His will, and if he was for the glory of His church, we might have success, and when the end came I said: 'It is the will of God.'

Our Book Table.

THE ICE AGE IN NORTH AMERICA. By G. Frederick Wright, D. D., LL. D., F. G. S. A. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

A scholarly work, the fruit of much patient toil and wide research, is this which is so magnificently published by the Appletons. Prof. Wright's observations and deductions have been made with that painstaking care which entitle him to speak authoritatively on this most interesting question. The most fascinating problem connected with glacial action is the antiquity of man. Whether or not it is true that here in North America the age of man is the greatest, is still a matter of great significance and the study of the question upon our soil is worth a great deal to science. The glaciated region has widened with increasing knowledge of its laws and movements, and Prof. Wright has added not only a great amount of new material for the further study of the problem, but he has established some facts which will add to his reputation as a scientific investigator. It is perhaps not too much to say that this fresh volume from the pen of Prof. Wright will place him in this field on an equal reputation with Prof. Gray in his field. The illustrations are excellent and the maps are simply superb.

GARDENERS; OR SEVEN YEARS' PIONEER MISSION IN CENTRAL AFRICA. By Fred. S. Arnot. Fleming H. Revell, New York. Price \$1.25.

Mr. Arnot in his missionary labors kept a diary of the important daily events, and in this book we have it. Aside from this, which is purely of personal interest, there are observations of the customs, habits and peculiarities of the Africans. So much attention is now being directed to Africa, and so much is likely to be in the next decade, that this book will, among others, be of value and information.

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Richard G. Boone, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Published in the International Education Series, this volume is supposed to start from the earliest settlements and trace the history of education down to, and inclusive of, the present. We cannot understand why some of our more notable institutions of learning are not referred to, and others are which could have no more special claim. Certainly peculiarity is no valid reason for including some that are included. Why was only indirect reference made to Amherst College, Boston University and Wesleyan University, while the Concord School of Philosophy (now defunct) is given a notable place?

LIVING QUESTIONS. By Warren Hathaway, New York: Fords, Howard & Hubert. Price \$1.25.

A series of sermons, which Mr. Hathaway has preached as pastor at Blooming Grove, New York. We have much to say in commendation of them, particularly for his most lucid exposition of the doctrine of prayer. This, we think, is the best sermon in the collection, and undoubtedly when delivered, was full of comfort to his people. His examination of evolution is caustic, and probes to the bottom of its errors which, we believe, have led many astray. The style of these sermons is simple, but ornate; clear, but profound; and brilliant, but not glaring. We command them to lovers of the truth everywhere.

DEACONESS ANCIENT AND MODERN. By Rev. Henry Wheeler. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price \$1.25.

It is a gratifying sign of ultimate success that all along through the history of the church women has played an important part. And this is therefore God's recognition of her indispensable value to the Kingdom of Our Lord.

This volume gives such history separated from the rest, with the simple purpose of contributing something "to the advancement of woman's work in the church." The prophecies of the Old Testament, the women of pre-Scriptural times, and the deacons of the primitive church, suggest the value of women in the unfolding of the Kingdom, and lead us to wonder why there should be an interval when the office of deaconess was dropped, and still more to wonder that to-day there should be any opposition to the diaconate of such women as can fulfill the sacred duties.

To this volume may be given the honor of giving in simple and sympathetic language the history of the whole movement, and we bespeak for it a wide reading and the adoption of its spirit. Little Marchews was "the first woman ever formally ordained to the merciful, Christ-like work of a deaconess on this continent." She is undoubtedly the pioneer of many noble ones yet to come.

A VISIT OF JAPHETH TO SHIRK AND HAM. By Samuel A. Mutchmore, D. D., New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Price \$1.50.

Almost every traveler records his experiences in Japan, but in private letters, which afterwards are published in book form for the public, so interesting old friends find them. But nowadays either new fields or new eyes are necessary to make a book of travel at all salable. There are observing people who go over old routes and see and record what others passed by, and which a fickle and sensitive reading public want to know about. We think that Dr. Mutchmore, though he has helped out his observations in what are now familiar countries, has proven himself to be a wide awake observer and a good writer. His religious, political and social pictures are interestingly painted, and the reader may here get a good insight into the countries visited.

He is not a rash chronicler, nor a prejudiced nomad, as his calm and suggestive observations in France prove, but a reliable and scholarly student on the lookout for facts of encouragement and for evils to be crated.

PHYSIOLOGIA ULTIMA. Vol. II. By Charles Woodruff Shedd, D. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. Price \$3.00.

Of this second volume we can say no more or less than of the first. It is a work that could be the result of only years of patient toil and the most rigid research. It is a strong defense of philosophy; and while we cannot say that the day has come when there is a philosophy whose principles formulated with such severe logical precision can enjoy universal reception on account of its simplicity and naturalness, still we record our belief that Prof. Shedd has done a great deal to this end. This volume, luminous in its style, profounds in its thoughts, discriminative in its judgments, and in its history, is one which will long fill its place and meet its aim. Later, with increasing knowledge and culture, another may supplant it in part, but never wholly.

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Dempster Sherman, Mary E. Wilkins, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mildred Howells, C. B. Going, C. McCormack Rogers, and Oliver Herford. The interesting stories are "Little Menan Light," "Midsummer Pirates," "Captain Duck," "A Meeting on a Gold Ship," "Among the Florida Keys," is continued. "The Red Runner" is a bit of gossip in natural history that will not be skipped. Beside all this there are many pages of reading that will be enjoyed by all. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

REV. DANIEL ATKINS.

BY SHERMAN BICH.

The real average useful working men and women of the world seldom command distinct notice. Comparatively few how in the professions, living or dying, receive attention outside of their local sphere. This is well. A few only are made for the stormy contests of life, by which, as a rule, place is gained. The great majority toil on patiently and contentedly in the path where duty calls. Almost every day we are reminded by a brief public notice that a long professional life has closed. Our imagination may fill up the missing lines with a Leigh Richmond or an O'Brien, the glow of whose life is like a stream of midday lightingers along the horizon long after they have sunk into their graves. Such men, whatever their profession, honor their calling; they are the salt of the earth, and are true builders. If ministers, they are the rank and file of the Lord of hosts.

The late Rev. Daniel Atkins, who died recently while engaged at his stated work at East Templeton, was my youthful associate and life-long friend. I am grateful for the privilege of briefly reviewing his long, useful and blameless life. I knew him well when an honest, conscientious boy, I knew him when a faithful, consistent young Christian. I knew him when a man with a family and good business prospects, struggling with positive convictions of duty for the ministry. Entering hesitatingly upon his work, the honesty that marked his youth, the consistency of his early religious life and the convictions of manhood made him for more than thirty-five years an acceptable and successful Christian minister. To feel that his ministry was owned and blessed, that his calling was divine, fulfilled the great purpose and ambition of his life. He ministered to his flock in spiritual things, and built them up in spiritual graces. Such a ministration is surely followed by growth and prosperity as the foliage of May follows April showers.

He was born at Tiverton, Aug. 16, 1824. His parents were members of the Congregational church, where he received his early religious education. He was converted in a Methodist prayer-meeting in January 1842, under Rev. Robert Bowen, who shortly after died like a valiant soldier at his post. Through his maternal grandfather, Barnabas P. Bowen, Brother Atkins touched a long line of deacons, ministers, doctors and men of letters. The eldest of seven sons, and like his father bred a fisherman, at the age of twenty there seemed little promise that his life would find new channels.

In 1845 he found his way to Newport, R. I., and engaged there in the trade of boat building. Two years later he established the business in Gloucester, with faltering success from the beginning. In 1852 he was received as a member of the New England Conference, and entered at once upon his first appointment at Wales. From that time until his death he remained neither to the right hand nor the left of his chosen path, but faithfully preached the Word as the oracle of God. His commission as a Methodist minister, to go into the world to preach the Gospel wherever sent, was consecrated authority, and scarcely honored without gainingays. Unheralded and unheralded he went from post to post—from the hills of Berkshire to the factory towns, filling the full limit of his appointments, and like a master workman, rightly dividing the word of truth. He was not magnetic, but religious; not sensational, but devotional; not so much a preacher of advanced thought, as of advanced piety. His ministry stands a monument to constant willing and unwavering fidelity to the Gospel test.

He was twice married—in 1848 to Caroline M. Thurstan of Newport, who died in 1855. One son survives this marriage. Second, to Miss Shaw of Wales.

Obituaries.

[Obituaries are hereafter to be restricted to the space of 300 words; in the case of preachers to 400 words. Notices that exceed this limit, will be returned to their writers for revision.]

YOUNG.—Mrs. Eliza D. Young, widow of the late Rev. James M. Young, of the New Hampshire Conference, died at the residence of her son, Charles H. Young, in Chelsea, Mass., July 26.

Sister Young was a most devoted and exemplary mother in Israel. Her last illness, though somewhat distressing, her funeral was attended, July 27, by Rev. W. H. Adams, who visited her frequently in her last days, and found her trusting wholly in the merits of Jesus for salvation and heaven, and in a strait between two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better." Her husband died in Manchester, N. H., Nov. 29, 1881.

Cook.—C. W. Cook died at St. Augustine, Florida, Aug. 14, 1888.

At four o'clock in the afternoon our brother was moving about upon the outside of the Cathedral tower, on the narrow ledge just above the fourth floor, and about six feet from the ground; when, by some misstep or the slipping of the rope by which the pulley was suspended, he was precipitated to the ground. D. Rainey was at his side almost immediately, but no medical skill could save his mortal life. His body bore no marks of outward injury save a broken arm. He was lifted tenderly and placed upon a cot and carried to the Bell House.

Friends quickly gathered round him, among whom were Father, clergymen, and a number of laymen, brothers, sisters, and especially watched for some sign or token of recognition from the dying man, while they prayed in their hearts that God would smooth his dying pillow and give him an abundant entrance into glory. He lingered half or three-quarters of an hour, breathing with much difficulty and pain, but if he was conscious of our presence he was not able to manifest it to us.

He was buried on Wednesday, August 16, the funeral services being held at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of which he was a faithful and efficient official member. There the relatives of the deceased within the official board of the church, the Young Men's Christian Association, and Bell House workers occupied the front seats, while a large number of the audience room, Rev. W. S. Finch, the pastor, conducted the services; and in speaking approachingly of the dead, said: "Brother Cook's chief concern and constant effort was to live a true Christian life, and before he was translated he had this testimony that he pleased God." He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him,—promoted him to higher service in the upper sanctuary. Brother Cook was a true man and a faithful and efficient worker in the church.

"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." We loved him and we shall miss him sadly in our church association. We are glad that we can point to his example and say to all who knew him, "Follow him as he followed Christ."

The Photographic Times for August has much interest to those who find time to take up the beautiful study of photography.

Amidst much technical matter occur many valuable miscellanea items.

The August number of *St. Nicholas* is a good number and full of things interesting to the boys and girls. The poetry especially is wholly a novel of this world, yet with characters of unusual attractiveness. It has no little wisdom, a great deal of humor, and that intensity of purpose which marks all that Miss Phelps writes and gives her stories an almost irresistible fascination.

Magazines and Periodicals.

The Art Amateur for August is replete with beautiful and suggestive ideas in art. It is rich as usual in illustrations.

Book News for August is one of those necessary adjuncts if one would keep up to date in literary matters. Mrs. Starr's article on "Imperial Literature" should be read throughout the country.

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The Story of Avis. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Price, \$1.50.

This is not one of her stories relating to the "Gates" between this life and the next, but is wholly a novel of this world, yet with characters of unusual attractiveness. It has no little wisdom, a great deal of humor, and that intensity of purpose which marks all that Miss Phelps writes and gives her stories an almost irresistible fascination.

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The August number of *St. Nicholas</i*

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1889.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.]

The merest glance at the topics discussed by the numerous contributors to our present issue will convince our readers of their variety and value.

What is the "Best Book on Buddhism" is satisfactorily answered by President Warren.

The problem discussed in Mr. James Buckham's article on "Christianity and Society," July 31, receives fresh treatment from the earnest pen of Rev. J. D. Pickles on the topic of "The Church and Social Questions."

The part played by Methodism in cementing English-speaking peoples the wide world over and making Methodists "feel at home everywhere," is strongly portrayed in the article reprinted from the *Methodist Times* by W. T. Sted, the brilliant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is entitled, "Methodists as Makers of Empire."

In his admirable sermon on "God's Way in the Sea," Dr. W. H. Thomas presents a striking and valuable lesson upon a subject rarely considered in the pulpit.

Rev. E. H. Howard's reminiscence of "An Old-time Boston Preachers' Meeting" will revive pleasant memories of departed days, and of persons who have played, and still play, important parts in the history and development of our church.

Rev. Alfred Hough's stirring poem on "Men Like That Sort of Thing" contains both explanation, warning and exhortation, all of which our people will appreciate.

The Episcopal Address to Clerical Leaders, on page 7, is a strong and timely document, the effect of which should be to stimulate leaders to prepare themselves for their sacred office, and to recover to the church a rapidly-waning means of grace.

On the Family page, Rev. E. A. Rand rings anew "The Bells of St. Bartholomew," and tells the story of the dreadful massacre.

How much was really seen and enjoyed in a single hour in Florence, is pleasantly told by D. Chauncy Brewer, esp.

There also, on the same page, a capital suggestion about "Family Prayer" by Rev. E. T. Cushing, with the date of travel "Down North" by Rev. A. McGregor.

The "Little Folks" will get a helpful lesson from the story of "The Simple Boxes."

The King's Daughters and others will read with interest the brief sketch of the recent anniversary of their order at Ocean Grove. Mrs. Alderman, on page 8, contributes also a full account of another Ocean Grove convention — that of the Deaconesses.

"Army Foraging," by Rev. T. Gerrish, like many another bright article, ought to have been printed long ago. It will be found on page 8.

Much healthful spiritual stimulus will be found in the carefully-selected "Thoughts for the Thoughtful," printed regularly on page 6.

TURNED TO JOY.

We live in a sad world. Tears are everywhere. Suffering, trial, sun-dried ties, broken hearts, meet us on all sides. Men have called this world a vale of tears, a wailing-place, one great Bosphorus. Every land and city, almost every family, treasures sad memories. Earth has furnished no specific to heal these fountains of sorrow. Without some divine interposition men go on from bad to worse, piling up their griefs and accumulating wounds until the heart itself breaks down under the load. But is there no balm in Gilead, no physician there? Must this tide of sorrow ever move on unchecked? Is there no healing branch to be cast into the bitter waters? Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift of His Son, who brought life and immortality to light through His own resurrection, and opened the crimson "fountain in the house of David for sin and uncleanness." The believer knows sorrow, but at the touch of Christ his sorrow is turned into joy. A light clear and strong shines into the tomb itself, and a song ascends to heaven from the place of bitterness and death; for even these afflictions shall "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

MORE OPTIMISM.

Every real, unprejudiced glance backward reveals to view the misery, intolerance, barbarism indeed, in matters of religion left behind. The millennium is far from being reached in actuality, but it sometimes seems within view when the present is put in contrast with the past. The religious practices of two centuries ago seem a caricature upon the gracious truth that Jesus of Nazareth came to teach. The deliberate action taken by large religious bodies in comparatively modern times, seems incomprehensible, incredible, in this our day. The *Interior* of Chicago, the able organ of Presbyterianism, is remarkably frank in speaking of "elder Calvinism."

"There have been no fiercer or crueler savages than our own immediate ancestors, the bold, blue-eyed Norsemen -- and intellectual light did not soften it considerably. Let us imagine, if we can, the Presbyterian General Assembly, after full and deliberate consideration, should have recommended that Bishop Simpson be burnt at the stake with the full knowledge that their recommendation would result in the death of the victim by slow and awful torture! It is inconceivable. We cannot realize the condition of mind that would make such a thing possible. The persecutions under Bloody Mary are but a short way back in the ages of the Christian era. It is not long since Calvinists burnt Servetus, and only a short while ago, historically speaking, when our people stripped Quaker women naked, tied them to the tail of a cart, and lashed them through the town. Only just now we were tearing babies out of their shrieking mother's arms and selling them into hopeless slavery. Say what the pessimist will, the progress of man from devilhood to manhood has been immense in the past two or three centuries, and the progress never was so rapid as now."

ADVANTAGES OF OLD AGE.

It would be difficult to find any condition of life, however hard, which did not have some compensations — either actual present satisfaction, or hope of good to come.

Old age is a state which is commonly thought to offer but little present

satisfaction, its compensations being only such as spring from the exercise of expectation, or else of memory, which is a kind of reflex hope. But this is a mistaken supposition. Old age has its positive satisfactions. It is not altogether a dream-life — a living over what has been, and a reaching out toward what shall be. There are certain positive advantages which come to us with the period ofwaning energies of mind and body, things to be looked forward to, not as places merely for the loss of physical and mental powers, but distinct and independent blessings — compensations only in so far as all good things are compensations.

Let us look briefly at two or three of these positive advantages of old age. And note, first, that old age marks the completion of that process of discipline and trial which life seems intended to levy upon every human soul. The period has arrived when character is fixed. There is no further need of fierce temptation, hard denial, sorrow, buffeting, test and trial of every sort. The stress of life is over. Peace becomes permanent condition of the mind and heart. Even if trouble falls, it is not felt as keenly as in earlier days. Like a river, which grows broad and calm and deep as it nears its outlet, so the life of man draws toward its close in unruffled peace. One never sees an aged person struggling, agonizing, tempest-tossed under the stress of some terrible soul-experience. The great battles of life come on the threshold, and just over the threshold, of manhood and womanhood. Wherever there is strength, you will find suffering. It is thus that God equalizes the allotments of life. He gives power and the exultation of power to manhood, but he also gives a burden. He gives weakness and the sense of weakness to old age, but at the same time he removes every harsh requirement.

Secondly, observe that old age is a period of accumulated reward. It is then that a man tastes the full fruit of his life's labor. If he has spent his threescore and ten years in accumulating money, he probably enjoys the undisputed use of great wealth. If he has toiled in the higher fields of the commonplace. Trite thoughts, prosaic utterances, jejune ideas clothed in high-sounding phrase and announced in oracular tone constitute the staple of what men have to offer to a waiting and hungry multitude. Men ask themselves as they listen to a speaker doling out platitudes to them, "Is all thought exhausted, is there nothing left in the mine of truth, to be had for the digging?"

God's verities, rich in suggestive material and glowing with prismatic hues, are left unexplored or are touched only into a dull, lifeless motion and appeared in the same sombre, unchanging dress year after year. Writers and speakers rehearse the same old truths and wonder that by a slight change of form they do not win attention as when they were first presented.

Schools and colleges turn out their graduates by the hundred, and only here and there of the vast number does one step into the arena of life with fresh, vigorous thought and a determination to add something substantial to the stock of human knowledge.

The world waits for the original man — the man of rugged thought — the man who has *something* to say. Churches watch eagerly the product of the theological schools, and if only one graduate shows originality, purity of thought, strength of expression and a true spiritual insight, they deem the results commensurate with the whole expenditure for the school. Active, vigorous business men whose thoughts are quickened by the keenest daily attrition ask why it is that those whose office it is to feed them intellectually and spiritually have so little to offer.

The contributions to our literature partake of the same dead-level of commonplace. Men offer their crude, unbaked material to the public and say practically, "This is thought, that thought is dug out of the deep mine of human experience in the present or in the past. If spiritual thought, they want it in its genuine simplicity and not in any man's highly-wrought sentimentality. If intellectual thought, they can be trusted to discover its merit, however homely the garb in which it is clothed. Writer and speaker are busy lifting into prominence the weary commonplaces they have been proclaiming year after year. The former thinks to illuminate them with the glow of his rhetoric, the latter by the graces of oratory. The multitude may be charmed by these processes, but they cannot be considered potent elements in the regeneration and uplifting of mankind. Men's lives are coming to be sifted and tested to a higher degree than ever before, and, by a true alchemy, the world judges whether or not their utterances by speech or pen have the ring of the genuine metal."

The third is from a revered father in the New England ministry, Rev. Frederick Upton, D. D. Our only regret is the brevity of the communication.

"I have been much pleased with Bishop Malellan's account of the first camp meeting at Westfield. I was present on that glorious occasion when Dr. Fisk was overwhelmed by the Divine Presence. Rev. David Kilburn was preaching. I do not know but that I am the only living preacher that was present on that memorable occasion."

The fourth is from a nameless writer, as modest as she is charitable. It is addressed to a lady friend:

"I wish you success in all your efforts to honor God and bless the human family. I send you \$1.50 for the debt of the Deaconess Home, and when it is convenient for you, will you please give the other fifty cents to Bishop Zion's Herald for the Methodist Hospital fund (Boston), and oblige one of the sufferers."

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The twenty-eighth is from a

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scouraging field.
MANLIUS.

GOSPEL TENT WORK.
Waterbury Center is enjoying a high
state of prosperity. There is a largely
increased attendance at both the preaching
service and Sunday-school, and the
prayer-meetings are feeling the thrill of
a new life. Bro. E. H. Bartlett, the
pastor, is entering into the work with
great zeal, and is praying for and ex-
pecting revival.

At the August session of the Montpelier
preachers' meeting Rev. A. J.
Hough read a carefully-prepared and
highly-interesting paper on "Agostino,
the new Savonarola of the Italian pul-
pit."

The constituency of the Seminary
will be glad to learn that the executive
committee have been able to secure
Miss Isid A. Alward, as teacher
of vocal music. Miss Alward has had
five years' experience along this line,
and comes with the highest recom-
mendations.

RETLAW.

MAINE CONFERENCE.
Augusta District.

Will the district stewards read the
call for a meeting published in another
column and heed the call?

At Skowhegan the pastor baptized
four recently. The work is moving
steadily along on this charge.

August 4, was a "red-letter day" to
the people in the Dead River country.
Quarterly-meeting services were held
all day at the Stratton church. The
largest congregation that has convened
there for years met on that day. Saturday
afternoon a man named Stevens,
aged 50, who had wandered from home,
was lost five days and died about the
time he was found, was buried. Bro.
Mitchell, of Waterville, preached Sun-
day morning after the love-feast. A
father and son were baptized by im-
mersion during the intermission. The
presiding elder preached in the afternoon,
and administered the sacrament. One
was received into full membership. A
good prayer-meeting was held in the
evening. There is larger spiritual
interest and a better prospect for Dead
River than for years.

At North Sidney last Sabbath (Aug.
11) eight were received into full mem-
bership; two of them over 60 years
old; and four young ladies presented
themselves at the anxious seat as seek-
ers at the close of the sermon. God is
still with us. G. C. A.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.
Bucksport District.

Hampden.—Our recent quarterly con-
ference on this charge was an occasion
of much interest. Upwards of fifty
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perity. Rev. D. H. Sawyer is the pastor,
and is serving the charge for the third
year.

Winterport.—Since reporting this
charge last we have learned that repairs

Christian bearing is winning for herself
many friends. X. Y. Z.

MR. EDITOR: As many have inquired
recently about the progress of the new
church in South Somerset, I wish to say to
all interested that the edifice will be
completed about the middle of October.
The size of the building is 50x40, with
a transept 20x13 for the pulpit and
choir. This space is divided by the
"new roller partition" plan, and a
part will be used as an audience-room,
and the other for a lecture-room in
which we will hold our prayer-meet-
ings and Sunday-school. Over this
room is the ladies' parlor and the
kitchen. The audience-room is 24 feet
high from floor to ceiling, and well-
lighted. The whole is to be finished in
a substantial manner, nothing gaudy.
The next question that has been asked,
is, "How are you getting along finan-
cially?" In answer, I would say: With
the insurance, which was \$1,950, we
have raised within \$400 of enough to
pay for the building. The furnishing
is yet to be cared for which includes
pews, carpets, furnace, etc. We ex-
pect to dedicate the church free of
debt. Permit me to say before closing
that we would be glad to hear from
those who received cards at Conference
time, or from any who would like to
take a share or two in the South Somer-
set M. E. Church, the mother of the
Somerset Village M. E. Church, of all
the Methodist churches in Fall River, and
I do not know how many more, as
her converts have been going out for
the past eighty years preaching the
Gospel, and doubtless planting church-
es. My P. O. Box is No. 205, Fall
River. J. A. ROOD.

Providence District.

The sixth anniversary of the Swedish
M. E. Church in Providence was held
Aug. 12, at 7:45 P. M. The church,
which is located at the corner of Sabin
and Federal Streets, was handsomely
decorated with plants and flowers by
Mr. Collamore, the florist. Almost all
the seats were filled by the members of
the congregation, the Sunday-school,
and friends outside. The feast was
opened with a voluntary by the organist,
Miss Hilda Hanson, after which
prayer was offered by the pastor, Rev.
Richard Cedergren. A quartette sang
several beautiful Swedish hymns. Rev.
Mr. Hanson, of Quincy, Mass., spoke a
few minutes from John 14: 8: "Snow
us the Father and it suffice us." A
short history about the rising and
growth of the Swedish M. E. Church in
this city was read by the pastor, after
which the congregation offered \$131.25
as a memory of the day. The Swedish
Church in Providence numbers now
over 100 members, and has about as
many in the Sabbath-school. The con-
gregation is growing, and the pastor
who has faithfully served his church
more than three years, is greatly en-
couraged in his work, and enjoys the
love and esteem of every member of his
congregation. M.

Montpelier District.

Waterbury Center is enjoying a high
state of prosperity. There is a largely
increased attendance at both the preaching
service and Sunday-school, and the
prayer-meetings are feeling the thrill of
a new life. Bro. E. H. Bartlett, the
pastor, is entering into the work with
great zeal, and is praying for and ex-
pecting revival.

At the August session of the Montpelier
preachers' meeting Rev. A. J.
Hough read a carefully-prepared and
highly-interesting paper on "Agostino,
the new Savonarola of the Italian pul-
pit."

The constituency of the Seminary
will be glad to learn that the executive
committee have been able to secure
Miss Isid A. Alward, as teacher
of vocal music. Miss Alward has had
five years' experience along this line,
and comes with the highest recom-
mendations.

RETLAW.

MAINE CONFERENCE.
Augusta District.

Will the district stewards read the
call for a meeting published in another
column and heed the call?

At Skowhegan the pastor baptized
four recently. The work is moving
steadily along on this charge.

August 4, was a "red-letter day" to
the people in the Dead River country.
Quarterly-meeting services were held
all day at the Stratton church. The
largest congregation that has convened
there for years met on that day. Saturday
afternoon a man named Stevens,
aged 50, who had wandered from home,
was lost five days and died about the
time he was found, was buried. Bro.
Mitchell, of Waterville, preached Sun-
day morning after the love-feast. A
father and son were baptized by im-
mersion during the intermission. The
presiding elder preached in the afternoon,
and administered the sacrament. One
was received into full membership. A
good prayer-meeting was held in the
evening. There is larger spiritual
interest and a better prospect for Dead
River than for years.

At North Sidney last Sabbath (Aug.
11) eight were received into full mem-
bership; two of them over 60 years
old; and four young ladies presented
themselves at the anxious seat as seek-
ers at the close of the sermon. God is
still with us. G. C. A.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.
Bucksport District.

Hampden.—Our recent quarterly con-
ference on this charge was an occasion
of much interest. Upwards of fifty
were present at the Sunday morning
love-feast, which was a gracious service.
Large congregations gather on the Sab-
bath. The Sunday-school is in a healthy
condition. We prophesy a year of pros-
perity. Rev. D. H. Sawyer is the pastor,
and is serving the charge for the third
year.

Winterport.—Since reporting this
charge last we have learned that repairs

Ludlow societies have built new houses.
Susapee and Mt. Holly have painted
their properties.

Dover District.

The "E. A. Bradford" in last week's
notes was written "E. A. Crawford,"
the popular insurance agent of Dover.
There is no need of his changing his
name.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Springfield District.

Sunday, the 11th inst., was a great
day at Thetford. Through the energy
of the young pastor, Rev. L. W. Brigham,
efficiently aided by Mr. John
Wilmot, who has been spending a few
months in his native town with his
mother, and the generous and hearty
responses of the members and friends of
the church, the edifice, which was
older in style, has been greatly im-
proved and modernized, making it a
very neat and attractive place. There
is no other church at the centre of the
town, and those who were in the habit
of going to church in the years past, as
now, attended this one. Many of these
have moved away and are now success-
ful business men in Boston and else-
where; yet remembering with affection
and gratitude their native town, they
very generously responded to a call for
assistance in the present enterprise.
Among those who have thus contributed
are William K. Porter, of Boston;
Charles T. Fish, of Lowell; R. V. T. Frost,
of Brooklyn; Eugene F. Ladd, of the
U. S. Army; Henry A. Sloan and Geo.
S. Sloan, both of Chicago; M. T.
Qulmby, of Boston; Rev. D. E. Miller,
of Rochester, N. H., and Geo. S.
Rogers, of Lebanon. Stained glass
windows of modest and pretty design
have been substituted for the old ones,
which have done service for so many
years. Some of these are memorial
and bear the names of Truman Burr,
Thomas G. Sanborn, Isaac and Nancy
Russell, and Mrs. Maria H. Tucker.
One of them bears the inscription,
"Our Pastor, Rev. T. P. Frost, from
1875 to 1877." Bro. Frost was very
popular with the people in this locality
in those early days of his ministerial
career, and has been growing in favor
with them ever since. It was not sur-
prising therefore that he should have
been called back to preach a re-opening
sermon, and that a most enthusiastic
congregation should have gathered to
hear him, filling the house to its
utmost capacity. The sermon was
excellent and very appropriate to
the occasion, on the text, "Old
things have passed away, behold all
things are become new." It being
quarterly-meeting day the writer of
these notes was present and participated
in the services. A large number of
Christians from other contiguous
localities were among the commun-
icants at this service. Bro. Brigham
and those who have so faithfully co-
operated with him were, as they had
reason to be, very pleased at the success
of the enterprise culminating in this
beautiful re-opening service. J. F. H.

Brewer.—For several years Brewer
and Eddington have been united as one
charge, but this year Brewer claims the
undivided services of Rev. A. Lewis,
who is serving this people the third year.
The Sunday-school is in a flour-
ishing condition, the average attend-
ance being about 125. One hundred
volumes have been recently added to
the library. Of the 115 members of the
church fifty have been added during
Brother Lewis' ministry. July 28th,
four were received on probation, and
three into full membership; five rose
for prayers at the evening social service.
Children's Day exercises were very interest-
ing, and the collection for education
taken on that occasion was \$11. There
are more applications for pews
than can be accommodated. The pastor
is a hard worker and meets with merited
success.

Eddington.—The society here fortu-
nately secured the services of Rev. S.
B. Sweetser, a member of the New Eng-
land Conference, doing business for a
season in Bangor. He is unable to de-
vote much time to pastoral work, but
his sermons on the Sabbath are greatly
appreciated. The Sunday-school is in a flour-
ishing condition. A Young People's
Society of Christian Endeavor holds
regular services every Tuesday evening
with much profit.

Southeast Harbor.—The Methodist
society here and citizens in general are
justly proud of the "People's Free
Methodist Episcopal Church," recently
constructed. Aug. 4th the first quarter-
ly meeting was held in the new edifice
and proved a season of great refresh-
ment. Upwards of thirty testi-
monies were given in the morning love-
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The Family.

I WOULD RATHER.

BY LETTIE S. BIGLOW.

I would rather a single pensive hold
In my living hand, with a friend's kind thought
Greeting me out from the purple and gold,
Than that rarest token ever wrought
By loving fingers, or mist's art,
Should be piled above my pulseless heart.

I would rather you'd speak one word to-day,
When my heart's so near, so near to breaking—
A word that would cost you nothing to say,
And perhaps it would quiet the aching—
I'd rather now one tear of sorrow,
Than grief I cannot know to-morrow.

I would rather than kisses reserved for the dead
You'd break th' slab-laden box before,
And freely, above some sorrowing head,
Your heart's most precious spikenard pour;
Nor count that lost or spent in vain
Which spares a heart one throb of pain.

Holyoke, Mass.

FORE-WELCOME.

A timid hope in gentle eyes;
A soft heart, brooding mother wise;
Fair fingers, piping glee and delf
The love of life, the love of self;
The feet of messengers, who bring
Gifts of prophetic welcoming;
A silent, softly-shaded room,
Where, waiting in the tender gloom,
Is sacred love, the secret of all;
The love, small vestments folded by,
With flax, soft as down from breast
Which warms the arctic sea-bird's nest;
A couch, which never yet has swung
With crooning cradle song was sung,
These are fair, a new soul has birth,
Upon this weeping, smiling earth!

O soul, grown weary now on earth,
And drawing near the heavenly bourn,
Take comfort thou, for not the less
Cordial comes the golden blosse.
A site of expectation runs
Through colonies beyond the suns;
While, here, there, on errands sweet,
With genial haste, pass angel feet;
And holy hands, with love's delight,
Make glad the scene, clear and white;
All in a shining grace appear,
To welcome Heaven's expected heir.
Then, "Deus," we softly say on earth;
But lo, with th' morn birth!
Still watch, O thoughtful hearts and wise,
In mortal or immortal guise,
To whom the sacred care is given,
To welcome us to earth—and Heaven.

—*The Independent.*

GOD SPEAKS.

God speaks to hearts of men in many ways;
Some the red banner of the rising sun;
Spread o'er the snow-clad hills has taught His praise;
Some the sweet silence when the day is done;
Some, after loveless lives, at length have won
His word in children's hearts and children's gaze;
And some the bright light of truth to show
To greet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers;
And some in prayer, and some in perfecting
Of watchful toil through unrewarding years;
And some not less are His, who vainly sought
His voice, and with His silence have been taught
Who bare His chain that bade them to be bound,
And, at the end, in finding not, have found.

—*Spectator.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Whosoever a man desireth anything inordinately, he becomes presently disquieted within himself. . . . True quietness of heart, therefore, is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.—Thomas à Kempis.

In our sorrow and sadness we look up to Thee; and when mortal friends fail us, and the hand that held our broken limb is broken into fragments, and the line of life is scattered at our feet, O Lord, we rejoice to wait that Thou understandest our lot, and will make every sorrow of our life turn out for our endless welfare and our continual growth, so that Thou wilt take us home to Thyself, with no stain of weeping on our face.—Anon.

They who "hunger and thirst after righteousness"—whose consciences will not let them rest, who seek after a better standard of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, purity and impurity, justice and injustice, than they find in the world around them; to whom justice is a positive joy, and injustice a deep and rankling grief; who long with the longing of the Psalmist, in a dry and thirsty land, to be better themselves, and to make others better also; who prize God's law more than gold, yea, than much fine gold; whose heart end whose flesh cry out after the holiness of the living God—these "shall be satisfied." Alas! it may not be here; but in that new and better world wherein dwelleth righteousness.—R. M. Goulburn.

* *

The work of our sanctification consists simply in receiving, from one moment to another, all the troubles and duties of our state in life as veils under which God hides Himself and gives Himself to us. Every moment brings some duty to be faithfully performed, and this is enough for our perfection. The moment which brings a duty to be performed or a trouble to be borne, brings also a message declaring to us the will of God. The soul has only to follow Jesus, the Divine Model, by the way of those crosses and sacrifices which every day brings.—Bishop Huntington.

* *

"O dreary life!" we cry—"O dreary life!" And still the generations of the birds Sing through our sight, and the flocks and herds Still freely live where we are keeping strife With the world, and still the world is a knife Against which we may struggle. Ocean girls Unlackened the dry land; savannah swards Unswayable sweep; hill watch, unsworn; and ripe, Many leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees, To show the old world how the world has pass'd In their old glory. O thou God of old, Grant me some smaller grace than comes with these! But so much patience as a blade of grass Grows by, contented, through the heat and cold.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

* *

We cannot rightly carry out any true or noble object in life in spirit of despondency, . . . A depressed life—a life which has ceased to believe in its own sacredness, its own capabilities, its own mission—a life which contentedly sinks into querulous egotism or vegetating aimlessness—has become, so far as the world is concerned, a maimed and useless life. All our lives are in some sense a "might have been"; the very best of us must feel it. I suppose, in sad and thoughtful moments, that he might have been transcendently nobler and greater and loftier than he is; but while life lasts, every "might have been" but that which leads, to vain regrets, but to manly resolution; it should be but the dark background to a "may be" and "will be yet." — Canon Farrar.

* *

Is there, then, real danger that we shall make moral shipwreck by meeting perils too great to be coped with? There is; and yet there need not be. So long as the Father leads us, we are safe. The path may lie not always by green pastures and beside still waters; it may often take us through desert places where we faint for water, and over awful heights where cliff and chasm bid us walk with steadiest tread; it is all one to us as the Father leads us. We are safe. But sometimes we are led into choosing paths, and He lets us do it if we will. "We say, 'Suppose it is not exactly right; one cannot always be scrupulous; it cannot make much difference, and the way looks so inviting; we might as well have some pleasure as we go along; after us the deluge!'" Then it is that we lose our way. Then it is that snare and pitfalls multiply till we may cry out in our extremity for guard and protection. What we mean, then, is to pray that we may not be left to our

own poor guidance; that we may not willfully turn away from the Father's hand, but trust Him better, sure that if He leads us, it will not be into temptation; that while He leads us, temptation can call but for faithfulness and courage—it can never mean despair.—Our Legacy.

THE BELLS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

H

ARK! there is a bell somberly sounding in the night. It is an August night, the 24th, and the year is 1572. The place is Paris, and at midnight, solemnly, menacingly strikes that bell. It is a bell up in the tower of the royal palace, and is a royal herald therefore. Whatever of disaster it may portend, the dead has the authority of a royal master. Indeed, you might say it was the bloody hand of the king, Charles IX., laid on the bell-rope, and pulling it. As the bell solemnly strikes, there are armed men rushing out into the streets, and if they find a Protestant (called then a "Huguenot"), his life will not be worth the shoes he stands in. He will be shot down as if a wild beast from the Alpine forests and roaming over sunny France. The king himself, so they say, takes a gun and recklessly fires at the poor fugitives in terror rushing past the windows of the palace.

That was the style of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—and what led to it? Those were the days when dissent from the prevalent religion of Rome would not be tolerated. Those who dissented, who protested against the errors of Rome, were regarded as schismatics toward the church, and rebels toward the government. A bloody hand was reached out to crush the Protestants of France—these Huguenots. The land was torn by civil war.

One of the leaders on the Protestant side was Admiral Coligny. The end of this war in 1572 was not extermination of the Huguenots, but a treaty of peace with him. He was allowed by this treaty to worship God in his own way. Fair skies now apparently bent above the Huguenots. One of their number, Prince Henry of Béarn, afterwards King Henry IV., was married in marriage the hand of Margaret, daughter of the famous Catherine de Medici. Admiral Coligny was invited to Paris, and the king made him presents and put him in office. And yet, on the 22d of August, 1572, four days after the wedding, the same brave Admiral was basely fired at from a window of the palace and wounded. What happened six days after the wedding, on the 24th, we already know. It is no wonder that the Germans have a name for the St. Bartholomew massacre—*Bluthochzeit*, "blood-wedding." Bloody nuptial-days those were.

Beginning on a specified day with Matthew, 21 chapter, the mother read slowly and distinctly the first twelve verses. Our boy of ten years was informed that the next morning he would be expected to give the substance of what was read without referring to the Bible. This service closed with prayer by the head of the family, all joining audibly in the Lord's Prayer. The boy was given to understand that in case of failure, some slight punishment in the way of curtailing his pleasures would not one remain that can give us trouble." Catharine pressed the matter, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day followed. Coligny was murdered. A multitude in Paris fell before the vindictive papists. The massacre was continued outside of Paris, and tens of thousands were slaughtered recklessly as sheep by the butcher in anticipation of the demands of the market. The Pope was so much pleased with the news from France that he appointed a special service of thanksgiving.

Let us have our thanksgiving because we live in a day when dissent is tolerated, when all men, in this land at least, can worship God as they prefer. Let us see to it that in our hearts may lurk no unwillingness to let our neighbor worship God as he pleases, while we insist that we too shall worship as we see fit.

ONE HOUR IN FLORENCE.

BY DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER, ESQ.

WE were on our way to Venice in the very hottest part of August; and the train having an hour to wait over in Firenze, we had decided to make the most of the sixty minutes which were to be consumed by the majority of the passengers with their breakfast.

No sooner therefore did the queer little engine which tugged our well-loaded carriage along, draw up at the depot which now proffers the Medicean stronghold, than a cabman was spoken, and we ourselves were gaily bowing over the roughly-paved streets toward the Duomo. It was yet very early in the morning, and the Florentines were busily collecting their market-stuff, as in the scene which George Eliot paints so vividly in the first chapters of "Romola." There was Nello with his sharp cunning eyes, and yonder a typical Brashell with pack upon his back; while all about in the two or three market squares through which we passed were the green-groceries affected by the Italians.

It was a wonderful world of color!—the bright head-dresses of the women, the fantastic scarfs and gaily-tinted skirts melting into as many combinations as the variously-hued scraps of glass in the kaleidoscope, and giving an air of unreality to the whole, which was hardly dispelled when, towering in our very path, we recognized the splendid dome of the great cathedral; for this, too, as well as the mighty facade of the church, glitters and gleams with the wonderful mosaic work which belongs rather to the realm of fancy than our matter-of-fact world.

A moment more and we were in the piazza, and examining yet closer the marvelous work of Brunelleschi, whose triumph of skill well deserves the admiration it excites, and to many eyes is scarcely surpassed by Michael Angelo's copy at Rome. How vast it is, and how graceful in its strength! We could have kept our driver rooted to the first vantage point gained, had it not been for the character of an enterprise which had already consumed twenty minutes.

But what in the alternative? So many beauties confronted us that, without decision followed by prompt and energetic action, time must of necessity be lost!

Better agree at once to remain satisfied with the exteriors of the edifices about us, and change our positions from place to place so as to get some definite impression as to their character;" observed one of the party, and reason argued the wisdom of this proposition. The Campanile town of Giotto!—we are interested in the society.

fashed and flamed in the glorious morning sunlight, despite the softened tints of mosaics which were put in place centuries gone by! Worthy of the case in which a certain arbitrary monarch would have placed it, undoubtedly! Fitted, also, to lead the souls of its beholders to purer aspirations, as some one said who did not allow her own spirit to be led.

The Baptistry with its bronze doors, famed far and wide since Ghiberti planned them—they were there even such wonders?

So the seconds became minutes; the minutes, a quarter of an hour; and it was all over. Duomo and Campanile, tracing their beautiful lines against the blue skies of Florence for some time after the Square had been left behind, and thrilling the hearts that bade them adieu with a hundred emotions.

As for the Pitti Palace, the art treasures of Lorenzo's capital, its villas and museums, we saw nothing of them; but surely never was an hour better spent, nor one which in later years has proved to retain more pleasant memories.

Time, the absolute ruler of the things that are, although he clothes each fleeting second more richly for some than for others, shows a disposition to be lenient with those who court his favor.

SABBATH MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. C. H. YATMAN.

WHAT a holy calm! the mountains are asleep, Wrapped in the sun-mist, through which heaven-born gleams.

Kiss their old foreheads, till they smile in dreams.

Of their young life when, rising from the deep,

Baptized by God, they shamed man's sinless days—

Dreams, too, of creation, when shall cease

Man's greed in usurping power,

And harmonies of universal praise!

But bark! from yonder gien the bell-rings,

Where lambs play 'midst purple heather bleat,

And lambs make glad the air, while shepherds meet

To worship Christ. Good Lord, world now sing

The hymn, that louder yet shall fill the sky,

Of "Peace on earth, good will to God on high."

—Norman McLeod, D. D.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY REV. H. T. CURNICK.

THE two objects of family worship are, instruction in righteousness and devotion. To obtain these, mental concentration is necessary. But how often do some members of the family circle—especially the children—prove listless and inattentive during the services, and thus miss, to a great extent, the benefits which might have been derived? In our home we have recently introduced a method of conducting the morning devotions which works so well I gladly give it for the good of your readers.

Beginning on a specified day with Matthew, 21 chapter, the mother read slowly and distinctly the first twelve verses. Our boy of ten years was informed that the next morning he would be expected to give the substance of what was read without referring to the Bible. This service closed with prayer by the head of the family, all joining audibly in the Lord's Prayer. The boy was given to understand that in case of failure, some slight punishment in the way of curtailing his pleasures would not one remain that can give us trouble." Catharine pressed the matter, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day followed. Coligny was murdered. A multitude in Paris fell before the vindictive papists. The massacre was continued outside of Paris, and tens of thousands were slaughtered recklessly as sheep by the butcher in anticipation of the demands of the market. The Pope was so much pleased with the news from France that he appointed a special service of thanksgiving.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 13.

—Salisbury says England's Egyptian policy will not be altered a hair's breadth.

—Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria arrived at Berlin on a visit to Emperor William.

—President Harrison and party were entertained at Senator Hale's residence at Ellsworth.

—Professor Mahay at Chautauqua criticised the doctrine that all men are created free and equal.

—Postmaster-General Wanamaker authorizes treasury officials to pay one cent for telegraph messages.

—The Senate Court decides that it is competent to try Gen. Bouvier. The Right will take no further part in the proceedings.

—The date of Mrs. Maybrick's execution is fixed for August 26; Minister Lincoln has signed a petition asking that she be reprieved.

Wednesday, August 14.

—A marble palace will be built by William K. Vanderbilt at Newport.

—President Harrison at Bar Harbor was entertained with the "driving floral parade."

—Stevens, the cyclist, the searcher after Stanley, is returning very much crestfallen.

—Thomas A. Edison and Russell Harrison took luncheon at the summit of the Eiffel tower.

—The steamship "City of Paris" makes the quickest eastern trip across the ocean on record.

—A large meeting was held in Baltimore in favor of holding the World's Fair in Washington.

—The Senate Court has found Gen. Bonhager guilty on two counts — conspiracy and an attempt at treason.

—Thomas A. Edison has been appointed a grand officer of the order of the Crown of Italy, King Humbert.

—The new revenue cutter to be used at Charleston, S. C., has been named in memory of ex-Secretary Lot M. Morrill.

—Chakir Pasha, the new governor of Crete, announces that he will pursue a liberal policy which will be satisfactory to the Christians.

—Emperor William, at a banquet to Emperor Francis Joseph, says that the two armies will fight shoulder to shoulder if Providence so directs.

—A military review and in the evening a dinner were given at Berlin in honor of the Austrian Emperor, who expressed his warm friendship for the German people.

—Prof. James Loomis, for the past thirty years professor of anatomy at Yale, is at the New Haven Hospital suffering from a complication of stomach disorders and is not expected to live.

—The Illinois Secretary of State licensed the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago, for the holding of an international exposition of world's fair in the city of Chicago to commemorate its 400th anniversary the discovery of America. The capital stock is \$5,000,000.

—The State Department has received copies of the official announcement of the New Zealand and South Seas exhibition, to be held at the city of Dunedin. The exhibition is intended to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the colony of New Zealand.

Thursday, August 15.

—Mr. Bryce has acquired the sole ownership of the *North American Review*.

—Three French ironclads and a despatch boat sailed from Ionian yesterday for Crete.

—The Senate Court sentences Bonhager, Dillon, and Rockeford to be deported to a fortified place.

—Col. Guy C. Underwood, for several years superintendent of the Deer Island institutions, is dead.

—A bill abolishing capital punishment received its third reading in the New Hampshire Legislature yesterday.

—Hon. Elihu S. Converse of Malden has given \$12,000 in cash and a piece of land for a hospital in that city.

—President Harrison left Bar Harbor yesterday, and arrived last evening at Manchester, N. H., where he spent the night. Along the route from Bar Harbor a long halt was made at Bath, where the President visited the shipyards.

—United States Supreme Justice Field yesterday met ex-Judge Terry in the restaurant of the railway station at Lodiop, California. Terry, who was an imaginary wrong, rose from his chair deliberately and slapped Justice Field on the face. Deputy Marshal Nagle, who was in the company of Justice Field with orders to protect him shot Terry dead.

Friday, August 16.

—Prof. Elias Loomis, LL.D., of Yale University, died yesterday afternoon.

—A despatch from Crete says that Chakir Pasha, the Governor, has proclaimed martial law.

—An unusually severe rain and electrical storm occurred at Asbury Park, N. J., Wednesday night.

—President Harrison bids good-bye to New England, and expresses himself as much pleased with his visit.

—On the complaint of Mrs. Sarah A. Terry, a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Justice Field charged with complicity in killing ex-Judge Terry.

—The surprise yesterday reached the highest point since last October — \$70,000,000. The pension payments for this month will use up \$18,000,000 of this.

—Emperor Francis left Berlin yesterday. He goes to Leipzig. The two Emperors said farewell at the station, warmly embracing each other repeatedly.

—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that casks or packages previously filled at a distillery cannot be refilled. The distilled are expected to make a vigorous protest.

—The fete at Soissons on the second anniversary of Prince Ferdinand's ascending the throne was a great success. Prince Ferdinand was everywhere received with great enthusiasm.

—The Northern Pacific Railroad Directors at yesterday's regular meeting received the proposition from Mr. Villard for a \$160,000,000 consolidated mortgage, but deferred consideration until Wednesday next.

—The new steamship "Friesland," belonging to the Red Star line, was launched at the yard of the builders, Messrs. Thomson of Clydebank. The "Friesland" is a fine passenger and freight steamer of 6,700 tons.

—The Boston & Maine Railroad Company with a few months abandon the present station in Haymarket square, and when the necessary alterations have been made the trains on the Western Division will run into the Boston and Lowell station.

September, August 17.

—Boulangier and his two ex-patriated friends are out in a manifesto denouncing the Senate Committee.

—Plans have been agreed upon at Johnstown for the distribution of the \$1,000,000 relief fund still remaining.

—Postmaster-General Wanamaker arrives in this city, receives delegations and talks about the postal service.

—A ukase has been issued in Russia sanctioning provincial reorganizations under Count Tolstoi's scheme.

—The heavy and protracted rains have injured crops in the East to the estimated extent of millions of dollars.

—The Titles bill is withdrawn in the House of Commons, the amendments practically constituting a new measure.

—Mr. Henry Weld Fuller, treasurer of Woodlawn Cemetery, and a well known citizen, died Wednesday evening.

—The voyage to Brazil to the International American Congress, to be held at Washington in October, arrived at New York.

—The Home Secretary will recommend to Queen a commutation of the sentence of Mrs. Maybrick to imprisonment for life.

—Elias S. Allen, the New York streetway president, convicted of forgery, was yesterday sentenced to State prison for 14 years.

—Secretary Proctor decides that General Smith should hold a government office and at the same time receive his pay as a retired officer.

—The roadstead of trains on the Butler branch of the Western Pennsylvania Railroad yesterday wrecked a passenger train. Three persons were killed and about 25 wounded.

—William Traister, who attempted to rob Money Broker Goetz Loeb at his office, 89 Broadway, New York, at the point of a pistol, was yesterday sentenced by Judge Gildersleeve to fifteen years in State Prison at hard labor.

—The writ for the arrest of Justice Field was served on him yesterday, and the Judge was at once released on a writ of habeas corpus. The California Supreme Court refused to adjourn out of respect to the late ex-Judge Terry.

Monday, August 19.

—French residents of London presented Gen. Bonhager with an address of sympathy.

—United States revenue marine officers will continue to seize vessels engaged in taking seals illegally.

—At Chautauqua James O'Connor reported to Professor Mahay's criticisms on Home Rule in Ireland.

—John L. Sullivan was sentenced to twelve months in jail. He furnished bonds in \$1,500 and was allowed to go home.

—A bloody fight between two political factions has converted the court house at Richmond, Tex., into a morgue. A renewal of hostilities is expected, although a military company has been ordered to the scene.

—U. S. Attorney Carey, of San Francisco, received a telegram from the department of justice at Washington, instructing him to assume, and present to them the needs of this school that the Seminary may be more richly endowed, that ample provision may be made for the hundreds of students who flock here every year. The sum of \$50,000 is needed at once to erect and furnish a suitable building for use as a chapel, and class-rooms for the accommodation of the present number of students; and yet, their number is increasing every year. Dear brethren, let us go to work at once!

M. Flocken, O. E. Johnson, O. A. Farley, and others.

The sermon of the evening was by F. P. Parkin, of Brockton, whose text was these three words, "For Jesus' sake."

Monday was the closing day of the meetings. Rev. O. A. Farley, of Orleans, preached in the morning from this text, "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." Rev. Robert Clark, of Sandwich, gave the afternoon sermon from 1 Cor 10: 13. Dr. Elia conducted the evening service, which consisted of the administration of the Holy Sacrament.

Children's meetings have been held daily, under the charge of Rev. H. C. Scripps, who is excellent for this work. Meetings for young people especially have also been held each day; also an unusual number of services in society tents.

The presiding officer has been very efficient, and under his judicious management the meetings have been interesting, harmonious and profitable. He has had the cordial co-operation of the corps of ministers who have been present. During the week there were some converted and others reclaimed.

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